# THE SYNAGOGUE, OR THE SHADOW OF THE TEMPLE.

## Sacred Poems, and Private Ejaculations.

In imitation of

Mr. *George Herbert.*

Plin. Sec. lib. 1. Ep. 5.

*Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima quæque proponere.*

I do esteem't a folly not the least
To imitate examples not the best.

The Fifth Edition, Corrected and Enlarged.

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Printed for *Philemon Stephens*, at the Kings Arms in *Chancery-Lane.* 1667.

# To the Author.

HE that doth imitate must comprehend;
*Verse, Matter, Order, Titles, Spirit, Wit;*
For these also our Church Poet doth intend,
And he who hath this imitation writ.
O glory of the time! best English Singer,
Happy both he the Hand and thou the Finger.

R. *Langford of Grayes-Inn*
Counsellour of Law.

# Subterliminare.

*Dic, cujus Templum? Christi. Quis condidit? Ede.*
*Condidit* Herbertus. *Dic, quibus auxiliis?*
*Auxiliis mutis: quibus, haud mihi dicere fas est,*
*Tanta est ex dictis lis orienda meis.*
*Gratia, si dicam, dedit omnia: protinus obstat,*
*Ingenium dicto cuncta fuisse sua.*
*Ars negat, & nihil est non nostrum dicere in illo:*
*Nec facile est litem campo fuisse mihi.*
*Divide: Materiam det gratia, materieque*
*Ingenium cultum induat, artisque modos.*
*Non: ne displiceat pariter res omnibus ista,*
*Nec sortita velint jure vocare sua.*
*Nempe pari sibi jure petent, cultusque, modosque,*
*Materiamque, ars, & gratia, & ingenium.*
*Ergo, velit si quis dubitantem tollere elenchum,*
*De Templo* Herberti *talia dicta dabit.*
*In Templo* Herbertus *condendo est gratia totus,*
*Ars pariter totus, totus & ingenium.*
*Cedite Romanæ, Graijæ quoque cedite Musæ;*
*Unum par cunctis Anglia jactat opus.*

## *A ſtepping ſtone to the threſhold of Mr. Herberts Church-porch.*

WHat Church is this? Chriſts Church. Who built?
Maſter *George Herbert.* Who aſſiſted it? (ded it?
Many aſſiſted: who I may not ſay,
So much contention might ariſe that way.
If I ſay grace gave all, wit ſtraight doth thwart,
And ſaies, All that is there is mine: but Art
Denies, and ſaies, There's nothing there but's mine:
Nor can I eaſily the right define.
Divide: ſay, Grace the matter gave, and Wit
Did poliſh it: Art meaſur'd, and made fit
Each ſev'ral piece, and fram'd it altogether.
No, by no means: this may not pleaſe them neither.
None's well contented with a part alone
When each doth challenge all to be his own.
The matter, the expreſſions, and the meaſures,
Are equally arts, wits, and graces treaſures.
Then he, that would impartially diſcuſs
This doubtful queſtion, muſt anſwer thus:
In building of his Temple Maſter *Herbert*
Is equally all grace, all wit, all art.
Roman and Grecian Muſes all give way:
One Engliſh Poem darkens all your day.

# The Dedication.

LOrd, my first fruits should have been sent to thee:
For thou the tree
That bare them, only lentest unto me.
But, while I had the use, the fruit was mine:
Not so divine,
As that I dare presume to call it thine.

Before 'twas ripe, it fell unto the ground:
And since I found
It bruised in the dirt, nor clean, nor sound.

Some I have pick'd, and wip'd, and bring thee now,
Lord, thou know'st how:
Gladly I would, but dare not it avow.

Such as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the best,
Accept the rest.
Thy pardon and acceptance maketh blest.

## The Church-yard.

THou, that intendeſt to the Church to day,
Come take a turn, or two, before thou go'ſt,
In the Church-yard; the walk is in the way.
Who takes beſt heed in going, haſteth moſt:
But he that unprepared raſhly ventures,
Haſtens perhaps to ſeal his deaths indentures.

## The Church-ſtile.

CAreſt thou that ſtile? Obſerve then how it riſes,
Step after ſtep, and equally deſcends:
Such is the way to win Celeſtial prizes:
Humility the courſe begins, and ends.
Wouldſt thou in grace to high perfections grow?
Shoot thy roots deep, ground thy foundations low.

Humble thy ſelf, and God will lift thee up:
Thoſe that exalt themſelves he caſteth down;
The hungry he invites with him to ſup,
And cloaths the naked with his robe and crown.
Think not thou haſt, what thou from him would'ſt have:
His labour's loſt, if thou thy ſelf canſt ſave.

Pride is the prodigality of grace.
Which caſteth all away by griping all:
Humility is thriſt, both keeps its place,
And gains by giving, riſeth by its fall.
To get by giving, and to loſe by keeping
Is to be ſad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

The

## The Church-gate.

NExt to the ſtile, ſee where the gate doth ſtand,
Which turning upon hooks and hinges may
Eas'ly be ſhut, or open'd with an hand:
Yet conſtant to its center ſtill doth ſtay,
And fetching a wide compaſs round about,
Keeps the ſame courſe, and diſtance, never out.
Such muſt the courſe be that to heaven tends,
He that the gates of righteouſneſs would enter,
Muſt ſtill continue conſtant to his ends,
And fix himſelf in God, as in his center.
Cleave cloſe to him by faith, then move which way
Diſcretion leads thee, and thou ſhalt not ſtray.
We never wander, till we loſe our hold
Of him that is our way, our light, our guide:
But, when we grow of our own ſtrength too bold,
Unhook'd from him, we quickly turn aſide.
He holds us up, whilſt in him we are found:
If once we fall from him we go to ground.

## The Church-walls.

NOw view the walls: the Church is compaſs'd (round,
As much for ſafety, as for ornament:
'T is an incloſure, and no common ground:
'Tis Gods free-hold, and but our tenement.
Tenants at will, and yet in tail, we be:
Our children have the ſame right to't as we.

Remember there muſt be no gaps left ope,
Where God hath fenc'd, for fear of falſe illuſions.

God will have all, or none: allows no scope
For sins incroachments, or mens own intrusions.
Close binding locks his Laws together fast:
He that plucks out the first, pulls down the last.

Either resolve for all or else for none:
Obedience universal he doth claim.
Either be wholly his, or all thine own:
At what thou canst not reach, at least take aym:
He that of purpose looks beside the mark,
Might as well hood-winck't shoot, or in the dark.

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## The Church.

LAstly, consider where the Church doth stand,
As near unto the middle as may be.
God in his service chiefly doth command,
Above all other things sincerity.
Lines drawn from side to side within a round,
Not meeting in the center, short are found.

Religion must not side with any thing,
That swerves from God, or else withdraws from him;
He that a welcome sacrifice would bring,
Must fetch it from the bottom, not the brim.
A sacred Temple of the Holy Ghost,
Each part of man must be, but his heart most.

Hypocrisie in Church is Alchimy,
That casts a golden tincture upon brass:
There is no essence in it: 'tis a lye,
Though fairly stamp't for truth it often pass:
Only the spirits *aqua regia* doth
Discover it to be but painted froth.

The

## The Church-porch.

NOw, e're thou passest further, sit thee down
In the Church-porch, and think what thou hast seen;
Let due consideration either crown,
Or crush, thy former purposes. Between
Rash undertakings, and firm resolutions,
Depends the strength, or weakness, of conclusions.

Trace thy steps backward in thy memory:
And first resolve of, what thou heardest last,
Sincerity; it blots the history
Of all religious actions, and doth blast
The comfort of them, when in them God sees
Nothing but out-sides of formalities.

In earnest be religious, trifle not:
And rather for Gods sake, than for thine own:
Thou hast rob'd him, unless that he have got,
By giving, if his glory be not grown
Together with thy good: who seeketh more
Himself than God, would make his roof his floor.

Next to sincerity, remember still,
Thou must resolve upon Integrity.
God will have all thou hast, thy mind, thy will,
Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works. A nullity
It proves, when God, that should have all, doth find
That there is any one thing left behind.

And having giv'n him all, thou must receive
All that he gives. Mete his Commandment:
Resolve that thine obedience must not leave,
Until it reach unto the same extent.

For all his Precepts are of equal ſtrength,
And meaſure thy performance to the length:

Then call to mind that conſtancy muſt knit
Thine undertakings and thine actions faſt:
He that ſets forth tow'rds heaven, and doth ſit
Down by the way, will be found ſhort at laſt.
Be conſtant to the end, and thou ſhalt have
An heavenly garland, though an earthly grave.

But he, that would be conſtant, muſt not take
Religion up by fits, and ſtarts alone;
But his continual practice muſt it make:
His courſe muſt be from end to end but one.
Bones often broken, and knit up again, (gain.
Loſe of their length, though in their ſtrength they

Laſtly, remember that Humility
Muſt ſolidate, and keep all cloſe together.
What pride puffs up with vain futility,
Lyes open, and expos'd to all ill weather.
An empty bubble may fair colours carry;
But blow upon it, and it will not tarry.

Prize not thine own too high, nor under-rate
Anothers worth, but deal indifferently:
View the defects of thy ſpiritual ſtate,
And others graces, with impartial eye.
The more thou deemeſt of thy ſelf, the leſs
Eſteem of thee will all men elſe expreſs.

Contract thy leſſon now, and this is juſt
The ſum of all. He that deſires to ſee
The face of God, in his Religion muſt
Sincere, entire, conſtant, and humble be.
If thus reſolved, fear not to proceed: (ſpeed.
Elſe the more haſte thou mak'ſt, the worſe thou'lt

Church-

## Church-utenſils.

BEtwixt two dang'rous rocks, Prophaneneſs on
Th' one ſide, on th' other Superſtition,
How ſhall I ſail ſecure?
Lord, be my ſteerſ-man, hold my helm,
And then though winds with waves orewhelm
My ſails, I will endure
It patiently. The bottom of the Sea
Is ſafe enough, if thou direct the way.

I'll tug my tacklings then, I'll ply mine oars,
And cry a fig for fear. He that adores
The giddy multitude
So much, as to deſpiſe my rhymes;
Becauſe they tune not to the times;
I wiſh may not intrude
His preſence here. But they (and that's enough)
Who love Gods houſe, will like his houſhold ſtuff.

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## The Font.

THe Font, I ſay. Why not? And why not near
To the Church door? Why not of ſtone?
Is not that bleſſed fountain open'd here,
From whence that water flows alone,
Which from ſin and uncleanneſs waſheth clear?

And may not beggars well contented be
Their firſt alms at the door to take?
Though, when acquainted better they may ſee
Others within that bolder make.
Low places will ſerve gueſts of low degree.

What?

What? Is he not the rock, out of whose side
Those streams of water-bloud run forth?
Th' elect and precious corner-stone well try'd?
Though the odds be great between their worth,
Rock-water and stone vessels are ally'd.

But call it what, and place it where you will:
Let it be made indifferently
Of any form, or matter: yet, until
The blessed Sacrament thereby
Impaired be, my hopes you shall not kill.

To want a complement of comliness
Some of my comfort may abate,
And for the present make my joy go less:
Yet I will hug mine homely state,
And poverty with patience richly dress.

Regeneration is all in all,
Washing, or sprinkling, but the sign,
The seal, and instrument thereof; I call
The one, as well as th' other mine,
And my posterity's as fœderal.

If temporal estates may be convey'd,
By cov'nants on condition,
To men, and to their heirs, be not affraid,
My soul, to rest upon
The covenant of grace by mercy made.

Do but thy duty, and rely upon't,
Repentance, faith, obedience,
When ever practis'd truly will amount
To an authentick evidence,
Though th' deed were antidated at the Font.

## The reading Pue,

HEre my new enter'd ſoul doth firſt break faſt,
Here ſeaſoneth her infant taſt,
And at her mother-nurſe the Churches dugs
With lab'ring lips and tongue ſhe tugs.
For that ſincere milk, which alone doth feed
Babes new born of immortal ſeed:
Who, that they may unto perfection grow,
Muſt be content to creep before they go.

They, that would reading out of Church exclude,
Sure have a purpoſe to obtrude
Some dictates of their own, inſtead of Gods,
Revealed Will, his Word. 'Tis odds,
They do not mean to pay men currant coyn,
Who ſeek the ſtandard to purloyn,
And would reduce all tryals to their own,
Both touch-ſtones, ballances, and weights, alone.

What reaſonable man would not miſdoubt
Thoſe Comments, that the text leave out?
And that their main intent is alteration,
Who doat ſo much on variation,
That no ſet Forms at all they can endure
To be preſcrib'd, or put in ure?
Rejecting bounds and limits is the way,
If not all waſte, yet common all to lay.

But, why ſhould he, that thinks himſelf well grown,
Be diſcontent that ſuch a one,
As knows himſelf an infant yet, ſhould be
Dandled upon his mothers knee,
And babe-like fed with milk, till he have got
More ſtrength and ſtomach? Why ſhould not
Nurſlings

Nurſlings in Church, as well as weanlings, find
Their food fit for them in their proper kind?

Let them that would build caſtles in the air,
Vault thither, without ſtep or ſtair,
Inſtead of feet to climbe, take wings to flie,
And think their turrets top the skie.
But let me lay all my foundations deep,
And learn, before I run, to creep.
Who digs through Rocks to lay his ground-works low,
May in good time build high, and ſure, though ſlow.

To take degrees, *per ſaltum*, though of quick
Diſpatch, is but a truants trick.
Let us learn firſt to know our letters well,
Then ſyllables, then words to ſpell;
Then to read plainly, e're we take the pen
In hand to write to other men.
I doubt their preaching is not alwaies true,
Whoſe way to th' Pulpit's not the reading Pue.

## The Book of Common Prayer.

WHat Pray'r by th' Book? And Common?
Yes, Why not?
The ſpirit of grace,
And ſupplication,
Is not left free alone
For time and place;
But manner too. To read, or ſpeak by rote,
Is all alike to him, that praies
With's heart, that with his mouth he ſaies.

They that in private by themſelves alone,
Do pray, may take
What liberty they pleaſe,
In chooſing of the waies,

Where-

Wherein to make
Their ſouls moſt intimate affections known
To him that ſees in ſecret, when
Th'are moſt conceal'd from other men.

But, he that unto others leads the way
In publick pray'r,
Should chooſe to do it ſo,
As all, that hear, may know
They need not fear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and ſay
Amen; nor doubt they were betray'd
To blaſpheme, when they ſhould have pray'd.

Devotion will adde life unto the letter.
And why ſhould not
That, which Authority
Preſcribes, eſteemed be
Advantage got?
If th' Pray'r be good, the commoner, the better.
Pray'r in the Churches words, as well
As ſenſe, of all pray'rs bears the bell.

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## The Bible.

THe Bible? That's the Book. The Book indeed,
The Book of Books:
On which who looks,
As he ſhould do aright, ſhall never need
Wiſh for a better light
To guide him in the night:

Or, when he hungry is, for better food
To feed upon,
Than this alone,
If he bring ſtomach and digeſtion good:

And

And if he be amiſs,
This the beſt Phyſick is.
The true Panchreſton 'tis for ev'ry ſore,
And ſickneſs, which
The poor, and rich
With equal eaſe may come by. Yea, 't is more,
An antidote, as well
As remedy 'gainſt Hell.

'Tis heaven in perſpective, and the bliſs
Of glory here,
If any where,
By Saints on Earth anticipated is,
Whilſt faith to ev'ry word
A being doth afford.

It is the Looking-glaſs of ſouls, wherein
All men may ſee,
Whether they be
Still, as by nature th'are, deform'd with ſin;
Or in a better caſe,
As new adorn'd with grace.

'Tis the great Magazine of ſpir'tual arms,
Wherein doth lye
Th' artillerie
Of heaven ready charg'd againſt all harms.
That might come by the blowes
Of our infernal foes.

Gods Cabinet of reveal'd counſel 'tis:
Where weal and woe
Are order'd ſo,
That every man may know which ſhall be his;
Unleſs his own miſtake
Falſe application make.

It is the Index to Eternity.
He cannot miſs
Of endleſs bliſs
That takes this chart to ſteer his voyage by.
Nor can he be miſtook,
That ſpeaketh by this Book.

A Book, to which no Book may be compar'd
For excellence:
Preeminence
Is proper to it, and cannot be ſhar'd.
Divinity alone
Belongs to it, or none.

It is the Book of God. What if I ſhould
Say, God of Books?
Let him that looks
Angry at that expreſſion, as too bold,
His thoughts in ſilence ſmother,
Till he finds ſuch another.

## The Pulpit.

'Tis dinner time: and now I look
For a full meal. God ſend me a good Cook
This is the dreſſer bord, and here
I wait in expectation of good chear.
I'm ſure the Maſter of the houſe
Enough to entertain his gueſts allows;
And not enough of ſome one ſort alone,
But choice of what beſt fitteth ev'ry one.

God grant me taſte and ſtomach good;
My feeding will diverſifie my food,
'Tis a good appetite to eat,
And good digeſtion, that makes good meat.

The best food in it self will be,
Not fed on well, poyson, not food, to me.
Let him that speaks look to his words: my ear
Must careful be, both what and how I hear.

'Tis *Manna* that I look for here,
The bread of Heaven, Angels food. I fear
No want of plenty, where I know
The loaves by eating more, and greater, grow:
Where nothing but forbearance makes
A famine: where he only wants, that takes
Not what he will: provided that he would
Take nothing to himself, but what he should.

Here the same fountain poureth forth
Water, Wine, Milk, Oyl, Honey, and the worth
Of all transcendent, infinite
In excellence, and to each appetite
In fitness answerable: so,
That none needs hence unsatisfied go,
Whose stomach serves him unto any thing,
That health, strength, comfort, or content can bring.

Yea, dead men here invited are
Unto the bread of life, and whilst they spare
To come and take it, they must blame
Themselves, if they continue still the same.
The body's fed by food, which it
Assimilates, and to it self doth fit:
But, that the soul may feed, it self must be
Transformed to the Word, with it agree.

To milk the strongest men must be
As new born babes, when ever they it see,
Desiring, not despising it.
For strong meat babes must stay, and strive to fit
Themselves in time, until they can

Get

Get by degrees (which best beseem a man)
Experience-exercised senses, able
Good to discern from evil, truth from fable.

Here I will wait then; till I see
The steward reaching out a mess for me,
Resolve I'll take it thankfully,
What e're it be, and feed on't heartily.
Although no *Benjamins* choice mess,
Five times as much as others, but far less;
Yea, if't be but a basket full of crums,
I'll bless the hand, from which, by which, it comes.

Like an invited guest, I will
Be bold, but mannerly withal, sit still
And see what th' Master of the feast
Will carve unto me, and account that best,
Which he doth choose for me, not I
My self desire: yea, though I should espy
Some fault in th' dressing, in the dishing, or
The placing, yet I will not it abhor.

So that the meat be wholsom, though
The sauce shall not be toothsome, I'll not go
Empty away, and starve my soul,
To feed my foolish fancy; but controul
My appetite to dainty things,
Which oft instead of strength diseases brings.
But, if my Pulpit-hopes shall all prove vain,
I'll back unto the reading Pue again.

## The Communion Table.

HEre stands my banquet ready, the last course,
And best provision,
That I must feed upon,
Till death my soul and body shall divorce,

And that I am
Call'd to the marriage supper of the Lamb.
Some call't the Altar, some the holy Table.
The name I stick not at:
Whether't be this, or that,
I care not much, so that I may be able
Truly to know
Both why it is, and may be called so,
And for the matter whereof it was made,
The matter is not much,
Although it be of tuch,
Or wood, or mettal, what will last, or fade;
So vanity,
And superstition avoided be.
Nor would it trouble me to see it found
Of any fashion,
That can be thought upon,
Square, oval, many-angled, long, or round:
If close it be,
Fixt, open, moveable, all's one to me.
And yet; methinks, as a Communion
In uniformity
There's greatest decency,
And that which maketh most for union:
But needlesly
To vary, tends to th' breach of charity.
Yet, rather than I'll give, I will not take
Offence, if it be given,
So that I be not driven
To thwart authority, a partie make
For faction,
Or side, but seemingly, in th' action.

At a Communion I wish I might
Have no cause to suspect
Any, the least, defect
Of unity and peace, either in sight
Apparently,
Or in mens hearts concealed secretly.
That, which ordained is to make men one,
More than before they were,
Should not it self appear,
Though but appear, distinctly divers. None
Too much can see
Of what, when most, yet but enough can be.
If others will dissent, and vary, who
Can help it? If I may
As hath been done alway,
By th' best, and most; I will my self do so,
Of one accord
The servants should be of one God, one Lord.

## Communion Plate.

NEver was gold, or silver, graced thus
Before.
To bring this body, and this blood, to us.
Is more,
Then to crown Kings,
Or be made rings,
For star-like diamonds to glitter in.
No precious stones are meet to match this bread
Divine.
Spirits of pearls dissolved would but dead
This wine.
This heav'nly food.

Is too too good
To be compar'd to any earthly thing.
For such ineſtimable treaſure can
There be
Veſſels too coſtly made by any man;
Sure he
That knows the meat
So good to eat,
Would wiſh to ſee it richly ſerved in.
Although 'tis true, that ſanctitie's not ty'd
To ſtate,
Yet ſure Religion ſhould not be envy'd
The fate
Of meaner worth,
To be ſet forth,
As beſt becomes the ſervice of a King.

A King unto whoſe croſs all Kings muſt vail
Their crowns,
And at his beck in their full courſe ſtrike ſail:
Whoſe frowns,
And ſmiles give date
Unto their fate,
And doom them, either unto weal, or woe.
A King, whoſe will is juſtice: and whoſe word
Is pow'r,
And wiſdom both. A King, whom to afford
An hour
Of ſervice truly
Perform'd, and duly,
Is to ſpeak eternity of bliſs;
When ſuch a King offers to come to me,
As food,
Shall I ſuppoſe his carriages can be

Too

Too good?
No: Stars to gold
Turn'd, never could
Be rich enough, to be employed so.

If I might wish then, I would have this bread,
This wine,
Vessel'd in what the Sun might blush to shed
His shine,
When he should see:
But, till that be,
I'll rest contented with it, as it is.

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## Church-Officers.

SAy. Officers in Church? Take heed: it is
A tender matter to be touch't.
If I chance to say any thing amiss,
Which is not fit to be avouch't,
I must expect whole swarms of waspes to sting me,
Few, or no bees, honey, or wax, to bring me.

Some would have none in Church do any thing,
As Officers, but gifted men:
Others into the number more would bring,
Then I see warrant for: So then,
All that I say, 'tis like, will censur'd be,
Through prejudice, or partiality.

But 'tis no matter; If men censure me,
They but my fellow servants are:
Our Lord allows us all like liberty.
I write, mine own thoughts to declare,
Not to please men: and, if I displease any,
I will not care, so they be of the Many.

## The Sexton.

THe Churches key keeper opens the door,
And shuts it, sweeps the floor,
Rings bells, diggs graves, and fills them up again:
All Emblems unto men,
Openly owning Christianity,
To mark and learn many good lessons by.

O thou that hast the key of *David*, who
Open'st and shutt'st so,
That none can shut or open after thee,
Vouchsafe thy self to be
Our souls door-keeper, by thy blessed spirit:
The lock and key's thy mercy, not our merit.

Cleanse thou our sin-soyl'd souls from th' dirt and dust
Of every noysome lust,
Brought in by the foul feet of our affections;
The beesome of afflictions,
With th' blessing of thy spirit added to it,
If thou be pleas'd to say it shall, will do it.

Lord, ringing changes all our bells hath marr'd,
Jangled they have, and jarr'd,
So long, they're out of tune, and out of frame,
They seem not now the same.
Put them in frame anew, and once begin
To tune them so, that they may chime all in.

Let all our sins be bury'd in thy grave,
No longer rant and rave,
As they have done, to our eternal shame,
And th' scandal of thy name.
Let's as door-keepers in thine house attend,
Rather than the throne of wickedness ascend.

The

## The Clerk.

THe Churches Bible-Clerk attends
Her Utenſils, and ends
Her Prayers with Amen,
Tunes Pſalms, and to the Sacraments
Brings in the Elements
And takes them out again;
Is humble minded, and induſtrious handed,
Doth nothing of himſelf, but as commanded.

All that the Veſſels of the Lord
Do bear with one accord
Muſt ſtudy to be pure,
As they are: if his holy eye
Do any ſpot eſpy,
He cannot it endure,
But moſt expecteth to be ſanctifi'd
In thoſe come neareſt him, and glorifi'd.

Pſalms then are alwaies tuned beſt,
When there is moſt expreſt
The holy Penmans heart:
All muſick is but diſcord, where
That wants, or doth not bear
The firſt and chiefeſt part.
Voices, without affection anſwerable,
When beſt, to God are moſt abominable.

Though in the bleſſed Sacraments
The outward Elements
Are but as huſks and ſhells;
Yet he that knows the kernels worth,
If even thoſe ſend forth,
Some Aromatick ſmells,
Will not eſteem it waſte, leſt Judas-like
Through *Maries* ſide he Chriſt himſelf ſhould ſtrike.

Lord, without whom we cannot tell
How to ſpeak or think, well,
Lend us thy helping hand,
That what we do may pleaſing be,
Not to our ſelves but thee,
And anſwer thy command,
So that, not we alone, but thou may'ſt ſay
Amen to all our pray'rs, pray'd the right way.

## The Overſeer of the Poor.

THe Churches Almoner takes care, that none
In their neceſſity,
Shall unprovided be
Of maint'nance, or imployment: thoſe alone,
Whom careleſs idleneſs,
Or riotous exceſs,
Condemns to needleſs want, he leaves to be
Chaſten'd a while by their own povertie.

Thou gracious Lord, rich in thy ſelf, doſt give
To all men lib'rally,
Upbraiding none. Thine eye
Is open upon all. In thee we live,
We move, and have our being:
But there is more than ſeeing.
For th' poor with thee: they are thy ſpecial charge;
To them thou doſt thine heart and hand enlarge.

Four ſorts of poor there are, with whom thou deal'ſt
Though alwaies diff'rently.
With ſuch indiff'rency,
That none hath reaſon to complain: thou heal'ſt
All thoſe whom thou doſt wound:
If there be any found
Hurt by themſelves, thou leav'ſt them to endure
The pain, till th' pain render them fit for cure.

Some

Some in the world are poor, and rich in faith:
Their outward poverty
A plentiful supply
Of inward comforts and contentments hath.
And their estate is blest,
In this above the rest,
It was thy choice, whilst thou on earth did'st stay,
And hadst not whereupon thy head to lay.
Some poor in spirit in the world are rich,
Although not many such:
And no man needs to grutch
Their happiness; who to maintain that pitch,
Have an hard task in hand,
Nor eas'ly can withstand
The strong temptations that attend on riches:
Mountains are more expos'd to storms than ditches.
Some rich in th' world are sp'ritually poor,
And destitute of grace,
Who may perchance have place
In the Church upon earth; but heavens door
Too narrow is t' admit
Such camels in at it.
Till they sell all they have, that field to buy,
Wherein the true treasure doth hidden lye.
Some sp'ritually poor, and destitute
Of grace in't th' world are poor,
Begging from door to door,
Accursed both in Gods and mans repute,
Till by their miseries
Tutor'd they learn to prize
Hungring and thirsting after righteousness,
Whilst they're on earth, their greatest happiness.
Lord, make me poor in spirit, and relieve
Me how thou wilt thy self,
No want of worldly pelf

Shall make me discontented, fret and grieve.
I know thine alms are best:
But, above all the rest,
Condemn me not unto the hell of riches,
Without thy grace to countercharm the witches.

## The Church-warden.

THe Churches guardian takes care to keep
Her buildings alwaies in repaire,
Unwilling that any decay should creep
On them, before he is aware.
Nothing defac'd
Nothing displac'd
He likes; but most doth long and love to see
The living stones order'd as they should be.

Lord, thou not only super-visor art
Of all our works, but in all those,
Which we dare own, thine is the chiefest part:
For there is none of us, that knows
How to do well:
Nor can we tell
What we should do, unless by thee directed:
It prospers not that's by our selves projected.

That, which we think our selves to mend, we mar,
And often make it ten times worse:
Reforming of Religion by war
Is th' chymick blessing of a curse.
Great odds it is,
That we shall miss
Of what we looked for: Thine ends cannot
By any but by thine own means be got.

Tis strange we so much doat upon our own
Deformity, and others scorn.
As if our selves were beautiful alone:
When that which did us most adorn We

We purposely
Choose to lay by,
Such decency and order, as did place us
In high'st esteem, and guard as well as grace us.

Is not thy daughter glorious within,
When cloath'd in needle-work without?
Or is't not rather both their shame and sin,
That change her robe into a clout,
Too narrow, and
Too thin, to stand
Her need in any stead, much less to be
An ornament fit for her high degree.

Take pitty on her, Lord, and heal her breaches:
Cloath all her enemies with shame:
All the despight that's done unto her reaches
To the dishonour of thy name.
Make all her sons,
Rich precious stones,
To shine each of them in his proper place,
Receiving of thy fulness grace for grace.

---

## The Deacon.

THe Deacon! That's the Minister.
True, taken gen'rally:
And without any sinister
Intent, us'd specially,
He's purposly ordain'd to Minister,
In sacred things, t' another officer.

At whose appointment, in whose stead,
He doth what he should do,
In some things, not in all: is led
By Law, and custom too.
Where that doth neither bid, nor forbid, he
Thinks this sufficient authority.

Loves not to vary, when he ſees
No great neceſſitie,
To what's commanded he agrees,
With all humilitie;
Knowing how highly God ſubmiſſion prizes,
Pleas'd with obedience more than ſacrifices.

Lord, thou did'ſt of thy ſelf profeſs
Thou waſt as one that ſerv'd,
And freely chooſeſt to go leſs,
Though none ſo much deſerv'd.
With what face can we then refuſe to be
Entred thy ſervants in a low degree?

Thy way to exaltation
Was by humilitie:
But we, proud generation,
No diff'rence of degree
In holy orders will allow, nay more,
All holy orders would turn out of door.

But, if thy precept cannot do't,
To make us humbly ſerve,
Nor thy example added to't,
If ſtill from both we ſwerve,
Let none of us proceed, till he can tell,
How t' uſe the office of a Deacon well.

Which by the bleſſing of thy ſpirit,
Whom thou haſt left to be
Thy Vicar here, we may inherit,
And miniſter to thee,
Though not ſo well as thou may'ſt well expect,
Yet ſo, as thou wilt pleaſed be t' accept.

---

## The Prieſt.

THe Prieſt, I ſay, the Presbyter, I mean,
As now adaies he's call'd

By

By many men : but I chose to retain
The name wherewith himself he
He was at first in our own mother tongue :
And doing so, I hope, I do no wrong.

The Priest, I say, 's a middle Officer
Between the Bishop and
The Deacon, as a middle offerer
Which in the Church doth stand
Between God and the people, ready prest
In the behalf of both to do his best.

From him to them offers the promises
Of mercy which he makes ;
For them to him doth all their faults confess,
Their prayers and praises takes,
And offers for them, at the throne of grace :
Contentedly attending his own place.

The Word and Sacraments, the means of grace,
He duly doth dispence,
The flourishes of falshood to deface,
With truths clear evidence ;
And sins usurped tyranny suppress,
B' advancing righteousness, and holiness.

The publick censures of the Church he sees
To execution brought :
But nothing rashly of himself decrees ;
Nor covets to be thought
Wiser than his superiours ; whom always
He actively, or passively obeys.

Lord Jesus, thou the Mediatour art
Of the new Testament,
And fully did'st perform thy double part
Of God and man, when sent

To reconcile the world, and to attone
'Twixt it and Heaven, of two making one.
Yea, after the order of Melchisedeck,
Thou art a Priest for ever.
With perfect righteousness thy self do'st deck,
Such as decayeth never.
Like to thy self make all thy Priests on earth,
Bless'd fathers to thy sons of th' second birth.
Thou cam'st to do the will of him that sent thee,
And didst his honour seek,
More than thine own: well may it then repent thee,
Being thy self so meek,
To have admitted them into the place
Of sons, that seek their fathers to disgrace.
Lord, grant that the abuse may be reform'd,
Before it ruine bring
Upon thy poor despised Church, transform'd
As if 't were no such thing:
Thou that the God of order art, and peace,
Make curs'd confusion and contention cease.

## The Bishop.

THe Bishop? Yes, why not? What doth that name
Import that is unlawful, or unfit?
To say the Overseer is the same
In substance, and no hurt, I hope, in it:
But sure if men did not despise the thing,
Such scorn upon the name they would not fling.
Some Priests, some Presbyters, I mean, would be
Each Overseer of his sev'ral cure,
But one Superiour, to oversee
Them altogether, they will not endure:
This the main difference is, that I can see,
Bishops they would not have, but they would be.
But who can shew of old that ever any
Presbyteries without their Bishops were: Though

Though Bishops without Presbyteries many,
At first must needs be, almost every where?
That Presbyters from Bishops first arose,
T' assist them, 's probable, not these from those.

However, a true Bishop I esteem
The highest Officer the Church on earth
Can have, as proper to it self, and deem
A Church without one an imperfect birth,
If constituted so at first, and maimed,
If whom it had, it afterwards disclaimed.

All order first from unity ariseth,
And th' essence of it is subordination,
Who ever this contemns, and that despiseth,
May talk of, but intends not, reformation.
'Tis not of God, of Nature, or of Art,
T' ascribe to all what's proper to one part.

To rule and to be ruled are distinct
And sev'ral duties, sev'rally belong
To sev'ral persons, can no more be link't
In all together, than amidst the throng
Of rude unruly passions, in the heart,
Reason can see to act her soveraign part.

But a good Bishop, as a tender father,
Doth teach and rule the Church, and is obey'd
And rev'renc'd by it, so much the rather,
By how much he delighted more to lead
All by his own example in the way,
Then punish any, when they go astray.

Lord, thou the Bishop, and chief Shepherd, art
Of all that flock, which thou hast purchased
With thine own blood: to them thou do'st impart
The benefits, which thou hast merited,
Teaching, and ruling, by thy blessed spirit,
Their souls in grace, till glory they inherit.

The ſtars which thou doſt hold in thy right hand,
The Angels of the Churches, Lord, direct
Clearly thy holy will to underſtand,
And do accordingly: Let no defect
Nor fault, no not in our New Politicks
Provoke thee to remove our candle-ſticks.

But, let thy Urim and thy Thummim be
Garments of praiſe t' adorn thine holy ones:
Light and perfection let all men ſee
Brightly ſhine forth in thoſe rich precious ſtones,
Of whom thou wilt make a foundation,
To raiſe thy new Hieruſalem upon.

And, at the brightneſs of its riſing, let
All nations with thy people ſhout for joy:
Salvation for walls and Bulwarks ſet
About it, that nothing may it annoy.
Then the whole world thy Dioceſs ſhall be,
And Biſhops all but Suffragans to Thee.

## Church Feſtivals.

MArrow of time, Eternity in brief
Compendiums Epitomiz'd, the chief
Contents, the Indices, the Title-pages
Of all paſt, preſent, and ſucceeding ages,
Sublimate graces, antidated glories,
The cream of holineſs,
The inventories
Of future bleſſedneſs,
The Florilegia of celeſtial ſtories,
Spirits of joyes, the reliſhes and cloſes
Of Angels muſick, pearls diſſolved, roſes
Perfumed, ſugar'd honey-combs, delights
Never too highly priz'd,
The marriage rites,
Which duly ſolemniz'd

Uſher

Uſher eſpouſed ſouls to bridal nights,
Gilded ſun-beams, refined Elixars,
And quinteſſential extracts of ſtars;
Who loves not you, doth but in vain profeſs
That he loves God, or heaven, or happineſs.

## The Sabbath. Or Lords day.

HAile
Holy
King of daies,
The Emperour,
Or Univerſal
Monarch of time, the weeks
Perpetual Dictatour.
Thy
Beauty
Far exceeds
The reach of art,
To blazon fully,
And I thy light eclipſe,
When I moſt ſtrive to raiſe
(thee.

Vaile
Wholly
To thy praiſe,
For evermore
Muſt the reherſal
Of all, that honour ſeeks
Under the worlds Creator.
My
Duty
Yet muſt needs
Yield thee mine heart,
And that not dully:
Spirits of ſouls, not lips
Alone, are fit to praiſe thee

What
Nothing
Elſe can be,
Thou only art
Th' extracted ſpirit
Of all Eternity,
By favour antidated.

That
Slow thing
Time by thee
Hath got the ſtart,
And doth inherit
That immortality
Which ſin anticipated.

O
That I
Could lay by
This body ſo,
That my ſoul might be
Incorporate with thee,
And no more to ſix daies owe.

The

## The Annunciation, or Lady-day.

UNto the musick of the sphears
Let men, and Angels, joyn in consort theirs.
So great a messenger,
From heaven to earth,
Is seldom seen,
Attir'd in so much glory,
A message welcomer,
Fraught with more mirth,
Hath never been
Subject of any story:
This by a double right, if any may,
Be truly stil'd the worlds birth-day.

The making of the world ne'er cost
So dear, by much, as to redeem it lost.
God said but, *Let it be*,
And ev'ry thing
Was made straightway,
So as he saw it good:
But e're that he could see
A course to bring
Man gone astray
To the place where he stood;
His wisdom with his mercy, for mans sake,
Against his justice part did take.

And the result was his daies newes,
Able the messenger himself t' amuse,
As well as her, to whom
By him 'twas told,
That though she were
A Virgin pure, and knew
No man, yet in her womb

A

A son she should
Conceive and bear,
As sure as God was true.
Such high place in his favour she possessed,
Being among all women blessed.

But blest especially in this,
That she believ'd, and for eternal bliss
Reli'd on him, whom she
Her self should bear,
And her own son
Took for her Saviour.

And if there any be
That when they hear,
As she had done
Sure their behaviour
They may be blessed, as she was, and say,
'Tis their Annunciation day.

## The Nativity, or Christmas-day.

UNfold thy face, unmask thy ray,
Shine forth bright sun, double the day.
Let no malignant misty fume,
Nor foggy vapour once presume
To interpose thy perfect sight
This day, which makes us love thy light
For ever better, that we could
That blessed object once behold.
Which is both the circumference,
And center of all excellence:
Or rather neither, but a treasure
Unconfined without measure,
Whose center and circumference,
Including all preheminence,
Excluding nothing but defect.

And

And infinite in each aſpect,
Is equally both here and there,
And now, and then, and ev'ry where
And alwaies, one, himſelf, the ſame
A being far above a name.
Draw nearer then, and freely poure
Forth all thy light into that houre,
Which was crowned with his birth,
And made heaven envy earth.
Let not this birth-day clouded be,
By whom thou ſhineſt, and we ſee.

## The Circumciſion, or New-years day.

SOrrow betide my ſins! Muſt ſmart ſo ſoon
Seize on my Saviours tender fleſh ſcarce grown
Unto an eight daies age?
Can nothing elſe aſſwage
The wrath of heaven, but his infant-blood,
Innocent Infant, infinitely good!

Is this thy welcome to the world great God!
No ſooner born, but ſubject to the rod
Of ſin-incenſed wrath?
Alas, what pleaſure hath
Thy Fathers juſtice to begin thy paſſion,
Almoſt together with thine Incarnation?

Is it to antidate thy death? T' indite
Thy condemnation himſelf, and write
The copy with thy blood,
Since nothing is ſo good?
Or, is't by this experiment to try,
Whether thou beeſt born mortal, and canſt die?

If man muſt needs draw blood of God, yet why
Stayes he not till thy time be come to die?
Didſt thou thus early bleed

For

For us to ſhew what need
We have to haſten unto thee as faſt;
And learn that all the time is loſt that's paſt?

'Tis true we ſhould do ſo; Yet in this blood
There's ſomthing elſe, that muſt be underſtood:
It ſeals thy covenant,
That ſo we may not want
Witneſs enough againſt thee, that thou art
Made ſubject to the Law, to act our part.

The ſacrament of thy regeneration
It cannot be; It gives no imitation
Of what thou wert, but we:
Native impurity;
Original corruption, was not thine,
But only as thy righteouſneſs is mine.

In holy Baptiſm this is brought to me,
As that in Circumciſion was to thee:
So that thy loſs and pain
Do prove my joy and gain,
Thy Circumciſion writ thy death in blood:
Baptiſm in water ſeals my livelihood.

O bleſſed change! Yet, rightly underſtood,
That blood was water, and this water's blood.
What ſhall I give again,
To recompence thy pain?
Lord, take revenge upon me for this ſmart;
To quit thy fore-skin, circumciſe my heart.

---

## The Epiphany, or Twelfthday.

GReat, without controverſie great,
They that do know it will confeſs
The myſtery of godlineſs:
Whereof the Goſpel doth intreat.

God in the fleſh is manifeſt,
And that, which hath for ever been
Inviſible, may now be ſeen,
Th' eternal deity new dreſt.

Angels to ſhepherds brought the news:
And Wiſemen guided by a Star,
To ſeek the ſun are come from far:
Gentiles have got the ſtart of Jews.

The ſtable and the manger hide
His glory from his own: but theſe,
Though ſtrangers, his reſplendent rayes
Of Majeſty divine have ſpy'd.

Gold, frankincenſe, and myrrhe, they give;
And worſhipping him plainly ſhow,
That unto him they all things owe,
By whoſe free gift it is they live.

Though clouded in a vail of fleſh,
The ſun of righteouſneſs appears,
Melting cold cares, and frotty fears,
And making joyes ſpring up afreſh.

O that his light and influence,
Would work effectually in me,
Another new Epiphany,
Exhale, and elevate me hence;

That, as my calling doth require,
Star-like I may to others ſhine,
And guide them to that ſun divine:
Whoſe day-light never ſhall expire.

---

## The Paſſion, or Good-Friday.

THis day my Saviour dy'd: and do I live?
What hath not ſorrow ſlain me yet?
Did the immortal God vouchſafe to give

His

His life for mine, and do I set
More by my wretched life, than he by his,
So full of glory, and of bliſs?

Did his free mercy, and meer love to me,
Make him forſake his glorious throne,
And mount a croſs, the ſtage of infamy,
That ſo he might not die alone,
But dying ſuffer more through grief and ſhame,
Than mortal men have pow'r to name?

And can ingratitude ſo far prevail,
To keep me living ſtill? Alas!
Methinks ſome thorn out of his crown, ſome nail,
At leaſt his ſpear, might pierce and paſs
Thorow, and thorow, till it riev'd mine heart;
As the right death-deſerving part.

And doth he not expect it ſhould be ſo?
Would he lay down a price ſo great,
And not look that his purchaſes ſhould grow
Accordingly? Shall I defeat
His juſt deſire? O no, it cannot be:
His death muſt needs be death to me.

My life's not mine, but his: for he did die
That I might live: yet died ſo,
That being dead he was alive; and I
Thorow the gates of death muſt go
To live with him: yea, to live by him here
Is a part in his death to bear.

Die then, dull ſoul, and if thou canſt not die,
Diſſolve thy ſelf into a Sea
Of living tears, whoſe ſtreams may ne'r go dry.
Nor turned be another way,
Till they have drown'd all joyes, but thoſe alone,
Which ſorrow claimeth for its own.

For ſorrow hath its joyes: and I am glad That

That I would grieve, if I do not:
But, if I neither could, nor would, be sad,
And sorrowful, this day, my lot
Would be to grieve for ever, with a grief
Uncapable of all relief.

No grief was like that, which he griev'd for me,
A greater grief than can be told:
And like my grief for him no grief should be,
If I could grieve so, as I would:
But what I would, and cannot, he doth see,
And will accept, that dy'd for me.

Lord, as thy grief and death for me are mine,
For thou hast given them unto me,
So my desires to grieve and die are thine,
For they are wrought only by thee.
Not for my sake then, but thine own, be pleas'd
With that, which thou thy self hast rais'd.

## The Resurrection, or Easter day.

UP, and away,
Thy Saviour's gone before.
Why dost thou stay,
Dull soul? Behold the door
Is open, and his Precept bids thee rise,
Whose pow'r hath vanquish't all thine enemies.

Say not, I live,
Whil'st in the grave thou ly'st:
He that doth give
Thee life would have thee prize't,
More highly than to keep it bury'd, where
Thou canst not make the fruits of it appear.

Is rottenness,
And dust so pleasant to thee,
That happiness,

And

And heaven, cannot wooe thee
To ſhake thy ſhackles off, and leave behind thee
Thoſe fetters, which to death, and hell do bind thee?

In vain thou ſay'ſt,
Th'art bury'd with thy Saviour,
If thou delay'ſt,
To ſhew, by thy behaviour,
That thou art riſen with him; Till thou ſhine
Like him, how canſt thou ſay his light is thine?

Early he roſe,
And with him brought the day,
Which all thy foes
Frighted out of the way:
And wilt thou ſluggard-like turn in thy bed,
Till noon-ſun beams draw up thy drowſie head?

Open thine eyes,
Sin-ſeized ſoul, and ſee
What cobweb-tyes
They are, that trammel thee:
Not profits, pleaſures, honours, as thou thinkeſt;
But loſs, pain, ſhame, at which thou vainly winkeſt.

All that is good
Thy Saviour dearly bought,
With his hearts blood;
And it muſt there be ſought,
Where he keeps reſidence, who roſe this day:
Linger no longer then; up, and away.

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## The Aſcention, or holy Thurſday.

MOunt, mount, my ſoul, and climbe, or rather flye,
With all thy force on high,
Thy Saviour roſe not only, but aſcended;
And he muſt be attended

Both

Both in his conqueſt and his triumph too.
His glories ſtrongly wooe
His graces to them, and will not appear
In their full luſtre, until both be there.

Where he now ſits, not for himſelf alone,
But that upon his throne
All his redeemed may attendants be,
Robed, and crown'd as he.
Kings without Courtiers are 'lone men, they ſay;
And do'ſt thou think to ſtay
Behind on earth, whilſt thy King reigns in heaven,
Yet not be of thy happineſs bereaven?

Nothing that thou canſt think worth having's here.
Nothing is wanting there,
That thou canſt wiſh, to make thee truly bleſt.
And, above all the reſt,
Thy life is hid with God in Jeſus Chriſt,
Higher than what is high'ſt.

O grovel then no longer here on earth,
Where mis'ry ev'ry moment drowns thy mirth.
But tour, my ſoul, and ſoar above the ſkies,
Where thy true treaſure lies.
Though with corruption, and mortality
Thou clogg'd and pinion'd be,
Yet thy fleet thoughts, and ſprightly wiſhes, may
Speedily glide away.
To what thou canſt not reach, at leaſt aſpire,
Aſcend, if not in deed, yet in deſire.

## Whitſunday.

NAy, ſtartle not to hear the ruſhing wind,
Wherewith this place is ſhaken:
Attend a while, and thou ſhalt quickly find,
How much thou art miſtaken;

If

If thou think here
Is any cauſe to fear.

See'ſt thou not how on thoſe twelve rev'rend heads
Sit cloven tongues of fire?
And as the rumor of that wonder ſpreads,
The multitude admire
To ſee it: and
Yet more amazed ſtand

To hear at once ſo great variety
Of language from them come,
Of whom they dare be bold to ſay they be
Bred no where but at home,
And never were
In place ſuch words to hear.

Mock not, prophane deſpiſers of the ſpirit,
At what's to you unknown:
This earneſt he hath ſent, who muſt inherit
All nations as his own:
That they may know
How much to him they owe.

Now that he is aſcended up on high
To his celeſtial throne,
And hath led captive all captivity,
Hee'll not receive alone,
But likewiſe give
Gifts unto all that live;

To all that live by him, that they may be,
In his due time, each one,
Partakers with him in his victory,
Nor he triumph alone,
But take all his
Unto him where he is.

To fit them for which bleſſed ſtate of glory,
This is his agent here:

To

To publiſh to the World that happy ſtory,
Alwaies, and every where,
This reſident
Embaſſadour is ſent.

Heavens legier upon earth to counter work
The mines that Satan made
And bring to light thoſe enemies, that lurk
Under ſins gloomy ſhade:
That hell may not
Still boaſt what it hath got.

Thus Babels curſe, confuſion, is retriev'd,
Diverſity of tongues
By this diviſion of the ſp'rit reliev'd:
And to prevent all wrongs,
One faith unites
People of diff'rent rites.

O let his entertainment than be ſuch,
As doth him beſt beſit:
What ever he requireth think not much
Freely to yield him it:
For who doth this
Reaps the firſt fruits of bliſs.

---

## Trinity Sunday.

GRace, Wit, and Art, aſſiſt me: for I ſee
The ſubject of this daies ſolemnity
So far excels in worth,
That ſooner may
I drain the ſea,
Or drive the day
With light away,
Than fully ſet it forth,
Except you joyn all three to take my part,
And chiefly Grace fill both my head and heart.

Stay

Stay, buſie ſoul, preſume not to enquire
Too much of what Angels can but admire,
And never comprehend:
The Trinity
In Unity,
And Unity
In Trinity,
All reaſon doth tranſcend.
God Father, Son God, and God Holy Ghoſt,
Who moſt admireth, magnifieth moſt.

And who moſt magnifies beſt underſtands,
And beſt expreſſeth what the heads, and hands,
And hearts, of all men living,
When moſt they try
To glorifie,
And raiſe on high,
Fall ſhort, and lie
Groveling below: Mans giving
Is but reſtoring by retail, with loſs,
What from his God he firſt receiv'd in groſs.

Faith muſt perform the office of invention,
And Elocution ſtruck with apprehenſion
Of wonder ſilence keep.
Not tongues, but eyes
Lift to the skies
In reverend wiſe,
Beſt ſolemnize
This day: whereof the deep
Myſterious ſubject lies out of the reach
Of Wit to learn, much more of Art to teach.

Then write *non Ultra* here; Look not for leave
To ſpeak of what thou never canſt conceive
Worthily, as thou ſhouldeſt:
And it ſhall be
Enough for thee,

If none but he
Himself doth see,
Though thou canst not, thou wouldest
Make his praise glorious, who is alone
Thrice blessed one in three, and three in one.

---

## Invitation.

TUrn in, my Lord, turn in to me;
Mine heart's an homely place:
But thou canst make corruption flee,
And fill it with thy grace.
So furnished it will be brave,
And a rich dwelling thou shalt have.

It was thy lodging once before,
It builded was by thee:
But I to sin set ope the door,
It render'd was by me.
And so thy building was defac'd
And in thy room another plac'd.

But he usurps, the right is thine:
O dispossess him, Lord.
Do thou but say, this heart is mine,
He's gone at the first word.
Thy word's thy will, thy will's thy power,
Thy time is alwaies; now's mine hour.

Now say to sin, depart:
And, *son give me thine heart.*
Thou, that by saying, *Let it be*, didst make it,
Canst, if thou wilt, by saying, *Give't me*, take it.

---

## Comfort in Extremity.

ALas! my Lord is going,
Oh my woe!

It

It will be mine undoing;
If he go,
I'll run and overtake him:
If he ſtay,
I'll cry aloud, and make him
Look this way.
O ſtay, my Lord, my Love, 'tis I.
Comfort me quickly, or I dye.

*Cheer up thy drooping ſpirits,*
*I am here.*
*Mine all-ſufficient merits*
*Shall appear*
*Before the throne of glory*
*In thy ſtead:*
*I'll put into thy ſtory*
*What I did.*
*Lift up thine eyes ſad ſoul, and ſee*
*Thy Saviour here. Lo, I am he.*

Alas! ſhall I preſent
My ſinfulneſs
To thee? thou wilt reſent
The loathſomneſs
*Be not afraid, I'll take*
*Thy Sins on me,*
*And all my favour make*
*To ſhine on thee.*
Lord, what thou'lt have me, thou muſt make me.
*As I have made thee, now I take thee.*

## Reſolution and Aſſurance.

LOrd, thou wilt love me. Wilt thou not?
Beſhrew that not:
It was my ſin begot
That Queſtion firſt: Yes, Lord, thou wilt:

Thy bloud was spilt
To wash away my guilt,
Lord, I will love thee. Shall I not?
Beshrew that not.
'Twas deaths accursed plot
To put that question: Yes, I will,
Lord love thee still,
In spight of all my ill.
Then life, and love continue still
We shall, and will,
My Lord and I, untill,
In his celestial hill,
We love our fill,
When he hath purged all mine ill.

## Vows broken and renewed.

SAid I not so, that I would sin no more?
Witness my God, I did;
Yet I am run again upon the score:
My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do? Make vows, and break them still?
'Twill be but labour lost:
My good cannot prevail against mine ill:
The business will be crost.

O, say not so! thou canst not tell what strength
Thy God may give thee at the length:
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,
Thy God will pardon all that's past, (may'st
Vow, whilst thou canst: while thou canst vow, thou
Perhaps perform it, when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not deny'd thee all,
Whilst he permits thee but to call:
Call to thy God for grace to keep

Thy

Thy vows, and if thou break them weep,
Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again.
Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.
Then once again
I vow to mend my ways;
Lord, say Amen,
And thine be all the praise.

## Confusion.

O! How my mind
Is gravell'd!
Not a thought
That I can find
But's ravel'd
All to nought.
Short ends of threds,
And narrow shreds,
Of lists,
Knots snarled ruffs,
Loose broken tufts
Of twists,
Are my torn meditations ragged cloathing,
Which wound, and woven shape a sute for nothing:
One while I think, and then I am in pain
To think how to unthink that thought again.

How can my soul
But famish
With this food?
Pleasures full bowl
Tastes rammish,
Taints the blood.
Profit picks bones,
And chews on stones
That choak:
Honour climbs hills,

Fats not, but fills
With smoak.
And whilst my thoughts are greedy upon these,
They pass by pearls, and stoop to pick up pease.
Such wash and draff is fit for none but swine:
And such I am not, Lord, if I am thine.
Cloath me anew, and feed me then afresh:
Else my soul dies famish't, and starv'd with flesh.

## A Paradox.

### *The worse the better.*

Welcome mine health: this sickness makes me well.
Med'cins adieu:
When with diseases I have list to dwell,
I'll wish for you.

Welcome my strength: this weakness makes me able.
Powers adieu:
When I am weary grown of standing stable,
I'll wish for you.

Welcome my wealth: this loss hath gain'd me more.
Riches adieu:
When I again grow greedy to be poor,
I'll wish for you.

Welcome my credit: this disgrace is glory.
Honours adieu:
When for renown, and fame I shall be sorry,
I'll wish for you.

Welcome content: this sorrow is my joy.
Pleasures adieu:
When I desire such griefs as may annoy,
I'll wish for you.

Health, strength, and riches, credit, and content,

Are spared best, sometimes, when they are spent
Sickness and weakness, loss, disgrace, and sorrow,
Lend most sometimes, when they most seem to borrow.
Blest be the hand, that helps by hurting, gives
By taking, by forsaking, me relieves.
If in my fall my rising be thy will,
Lord, I will say, *the worse, the better still.*
I'll speak the Paradox, maintain thou it,
And let thy grace supply my want of wit.
Leave me no learning that a man may see,
So I may be a Scholar unto thee.

## Inmates.

AN house I had (an heart I mean) so wide
And full of spacious rooms on every side,
That viewing it I thought I might do well,
Rather than keep it void, and make no gain,
Of what I could not use, to entertain
Such guests as came: I did; But what befel
Me quickly in that course, I sigh to tell.
A guest I had (alas! I have her still)
A great big-belly'd guest enough to fill
The vast content of hell, Corruption.
By intertaining her, I lost my right
To more than all the world hath now in sight.
Each day, each hour, almost, she brought forth one,
Or other base-begot Transgression.
The charge grew great. I, that had lost before
All that I had, was forced now to score
For all the charges of their maintenance
In dooms-day book: Whoever knew't would say
The least sum there was more than I could pay,
When first 'twas due, beside continuance, (stance.
Which could not chuse but much the debt en-

To ease me first I wish't her to remove:
But she would not. I su'd her then above,
And begg'd the court of heaven but in vain,
To cast her out. No, I could not evade
The bargain, which she pleaded I had made,
That, whilst both lived, I should entertain,
At mine own charge, both her and all her train.

No help then, but or I must dye or she;
And yet my death of no availe would be:
For one death I had dy'd already, then,
When first she liv'd in me: and now to dye
Another death again were but to tye
And twist them both into a third, which when
It once hath seiz'd on, never looseth men.

Her death might be my life; but her to kill
I, of my self, had neither power nor will.
So desp'rate was my case. Whil'st I delay'd,
My guest still teem'd, my debts still greater grew;
The less I had to pay, the more was due.
The more I knew, the more I was afraid;
The more I mus'd, the more I was dismaid.

At last I learn'd, there was no way but one:
A friend must do it for me. He alone,
That is the Lord of Life, by dying can
Save men from death, and kill Corruption:
And many years ago the deed was done.
His heart was pierc'd; out of his side there ran
Sins corrasives, restoratives for man.

This precious balm I begg'd, for pities sake,
At mercies gate; where Faith alone may take
What Grace and Truth do offer liberally.
Bounty said, Come. I heard it, and believed.
None ever there complained but was relieved.

Hope waiting upon Faith ſaid inſtantly,
That thenceforth I ſhould live, Corruption dye.
And ſo ſhe dy'd, I live. But yet, alas!
We are not parted. She is where ſhe was,
Cleaves faſt unto me ſtill, looks through mine eys
Speaks in my tongue, and muſeth in my mind,
Works with mine hands: her body's left behind,
Although her ſoul be gone. My miſeries
All flow from hence: from hence my woes ariſe.
I loath my ſelf, becauſe I leave her not:
Yet cannot leave her. No, ſhe is my lot,
Now being dead, that living was my choice:
And ſtill, though dead, ſhe both conceives and bears.
Many faults daily, and as many fears:
All which for vengeance call with a loud voice,
And drown my comforts with their deadly noiſe.
Dead bodies kept unbury'd quickly ſtink,
And putrifie: How can I then but think
Corruption noyſome, even mortifi'd?
Though ſuch ſhe were before, yet ſuch to me
She ſeemed not. Kind fools can never ſee,
Or will not credit, until they have try'd,
That friendly looks oft falſe intents do hide.
But mortifi'd Corruption lies unmaskt,
Blabs her own ſecret filthineſs unaskt,
To all that underſtand her. That do none,
In whom ſhe lives embraced with delight:
She firſt of all deprives them of their ſight:
Then doat they on her, as upon their own,
And ſhe to them ſeems beautiful alone.
But woe is me! One part of me is dead:
The other lives. Yet that which lives is led,
Or rather carry'd captive unto ſin,
By the dead part. I am a living grave,
And a dead body I within me have.

The worſe part of the better, oft doth win:
And, when I ſhould have ended, I begin.

The ſcent would choak me, were it not that grace
Sometimes vouchſafeth to perfume the place,
With odours of the ſpirit, which do eaſe me,
And counterpoiſe Corruption. Bleſſed ſpirit,
Although eternal torments be my merit,
And of thy ſelf Tranſgreſſions only pleaſe me,
Adde grace enough being reviv'd to raiſe me.

Challenge thine own. Let not intruders hold
Againſt thy right, what to my wrong I ſold.
Having no ſtate my ſelf, but tenancy,
And tenancy at will, what could I grant
That is not voided, if thou ſay, avaunt?
O ſpeak the word, and make theſe inmates flee:
Or, which is one, take me to dwell with thee.

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## The Curb.

PFace, rebel thought: doſt thou not know thy King,
My God, is here?
Cannot his preſence, if no other thing,
Make thee forbear?
Or were he abſent, all the ſtanders by
Are but his ſpies;
And well he knows, if thou ſhould'ſt it deny,
Thy words were lyes.
If others will not, yet I muſt, and will,
My ſelf complain.
My God, ev'n now a baſe rebellious thought
Began to move,
And ſubt'ly twining with me would have wrought
Me from thy love:
Fain he would have me to believe, that ſin,
And thou might both

Take

Take up my heart together for your Inne,
And neither loath
The others company; a while sit still,
And part again.

Tell me, my God, how this may be redrest.
The fault is great,
And I the guilty party have confest,
I must be beat.
And I refuse not punishment for this,
Though to my pain;
So I may learn to do no more amiss,
Nor sin again:
Correct me, if thou wilt; but teach me then,
What I shall do.

Lord of my life, methinks I hear thee say,
That labours eas'd:
The fault, that is confest, is done away,
And thou art pleas'd.
How can I sin again, and wrong thee then;
That do'st relent,
And cease thine anger straight, as soon as men
Do but repent?
No, rebel thought; for if thou move again,
I'll tell that too.

## The Loss.

THe match is made
Between my Love and me:
And therefore glad,
And merry, now I'll be.
Come glory, crown
My head,
And pleasures drown
My bed

Of thorns in down.
Sorrow, be gone
Delight,
And joy alone
Befit
My honey, Moon.
Be packing now,
You comb'rous cares, and fears:
Mirth will allow
No room to sighs and tears.
Whilst thus I lay,
As ravisht with delight,
I heard one say,
So fools their friends requite.
I knew the voice
My Lords,
And at the noise
His words
Did make, arose.
I look'd, and spy'd,
Each where,
And loudly cry'd,
My dear:
But none reply'd:
Then to my grief
I found my love was gone,
Without relief,
Leaving me all alone.

## The Search.

WHither, oh! whither is my Lord departed?
What can my love, that is so tender hearted,
Forsake the soul, which once he thorow darted,
As if it never smarted?

No,

No, ſure my love is here if I could find him:
He that fills all can leave no place behind him.
But oh! my ſenſes are too weak to wind him:
Or elſe I do not mind him.

O no, I mind him not ſo as I ought;
Nor ſeek him ſo as I by him was ſought,
When I had loſt my ſelf: he dearly bought
Me, that was ſold for nought.

But I have wounded him, that made me ſound;
Loſt him again, by whom I firſt was found:
Him, that exalted me, have caſt to th' ground;
My ſins his blood have drown'd.

Tell me, oh! tell me, (thou alone canſt tell)
Lord of my life, where thou art gone to dwell:
For, in thy abſence heav'n it ſelf is hell:
Without thee none is well.

Or, if thou beeſt not gone, but only hideſt
Thy preſence in the place where thou abideſt,
Teach me the ſacred art, which thou provideſt
For all them, whom thou guideſt

To ſeek and find thee by. Elſe here I'll lie,
Until thou find me. If thou let me dye,
That only unto thee for life do cry,
Thou dy'ſt as well as I.

For, if thou live in me, and I in thee,
Then either both alive, or dead muſt be:
At leaſt I'll lay my death on thee, and ſee
If thou wilt not agree.

For, though thou be the Judge thy ſelf, I have
Thy promiſe for it, which thou canſt not waive,
That who ſalvation at thine hands do crave,
Thou wilt not fail to ſave.

Oh! ſeek, and find me then, or elſe deny

Thy

Thy truth, thy self. O! thou canst not lye
Shew thy self constant to thy word, draw nigh.
Find me. Loe, here I lye.

## The Return.

LOe, now my love appears;
My tears
Have clear'd mine eyes. I see
'Tis he.
Thanks, blessed Lord, thine absence was my hell;
And, now thou art returned, I am well.

By this I see I must
Not trust
My joyes unto my self:
This shelf
Of too secure, and too presumptious pleasure
Had almost sunk my ship, and drown'd my treasure.

Who would have thought a joy
So coy
To be offended so,
And go
So suddenly away? As if enjoying
Full pleasure and contentment, were annoying.

Hereafter I had need
Take heed.
Joyes, amongst other things,
Have wings,
And watch their opportunities of flight,
Converting in a moment day to night.

But, is't enough for me
To be
Instructed to be wise?
I'll rise,

And

And read a lecture unto them that are
Willing to learn, how comfort dwells with care.

He that his joyes would keep
Must weep;
And in the brine of tears,
And fears,
Must pickle them. That powder will preserve;
Faith with repentance is the souls conserve.

Learn to make much of care:
A rare
And precious balsom 'tis
For blis;
Which oft resides, where mirth with sorrow meets:
Heavenly joyes on earth are bitter-sweets.

## Inundations.

WE talk of *Noahs* flood, as of a wonder;
And well we may,
The Scriptures say,
The water did prevail, the hills were under,
And nothing could be seen but Sea.

And yet there are two other floods surpass
That flood, as far,
As heav'n one star,
Which many men regard, as little, as
The ordinari'st things that are.

The one is sin, the other is salvation:
And we must need
Confess indeed.
That either is an inundation,
Which doth the deluge far exceed.

In *Noahs* flood he and his houshold liv'd:
And there abode
A whole Ark-load;

Of

Of other creatures, that were then repriev'd
All safely on the waters rode.
But, when sin came, it overflowed all,
And left none free:
Nay, even he,
That knew no sin, could not release my thrall,
But that he was made sin for me;
And, when salvation came, my Saviours blood
Drown'd sin again,
With all its train
Of evils, overflowing them with good,
With good that ever shall remain.
O, let there be one other inundation,
Let grace o'rflow
In my soul so,
That thankfulness may level with salvation,
And sorrow sin may over-grow.
Then will I praise my Lord and Saviour so,
That Angels shall
Admire mans fall,
When they shall see Gods greatest glory grow,
Where Satan thought to root out all.

## Sin.

SIn, I would fain define thee: but thou art
An uncouth thing:
All that I bring
To shew thee fully, shews thee but in part.
I call thee the transgression of the Law,
And yet I read,
That sin is dead
Without the Law: and thence it strength doth draw.
I say thou art the sting of death. 'Tis true:

And

And yet I find
Death comes behind:
The work is done before the pay he due.
I say thou art the devils work. Yet he
Should much rather
Call thee father:
For he had been no devil but for thee.
What shall I call thee then? If death and devil,
Right understood,
Be names too good,
I'll say thou art the quintissence of evil.

## Travels at home.

OFt have I wish'd a traveller to be:
Mine eyes did even itch the sights to see,
That I had heard and read of. Oft I have
Been greedy of occasion, as the grave,
That never saies enough; yet still was crost,
When opportunities had promis'd most.
At last I said, what mean'st thou, wandring elf,
To straggle thus? Go travel first thy self.
Thy little world can shew thee wonders great:
The greater may have more, but not more neat
And curious pieces: Search, and thou shalt find
Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy mind
Europe supplies, and Asia thy will,
And Affrick thine Affections. And if still
Thou list to travel further, put thy senses
For both the Indies. Make no more pretences
Of new discoveries, whilst yet thine own,
And nearest, little world is still unknown.
Away then with thy quadrants, compasses,
Globes, tables, cards, and maps, and minute glasses.
Lay by thy journals, and thy diaries,
Close up thine annals, and thine histories.

Study thy self, and read what thou hast writ
In thine own book, thy conscience. Is it fit
To labour after other knowledge so,
And thine own neareſt, deareſt, ſelf not know?
Travels abroad both dear and dang'rous are,
Whilſt oft the ſoul payes for the bodies fare,
Travels at home are cheap, and ſafe. Salvation,
Comes mounted on the wings of meditation.
*He that doth live at home, and learns to know*
*God and himſelf, needeth no further go.*

## The Journey.

Life is a journey. From our mothers wombs,
As houſes, we ſet out: and in our tombs,
As Inns, we reſt, till it be time to riſe
'Twixt rocks and gulfs our narrow foot-path lies:
Haughty preſumption and hell-deep deſpair
Make our way dangerous, though ſeeming fair.
The world with its inticements ſleek and ſly,
Slabbers out ſteps, and makes them ſlippery.
The fleſh, with its corruptions, clogs our feet,
And burdens us with loads of luſts unmeet.
The devil where we tread, doth ſpread his ſnares,
And with temptations takes us unawares.
Our footſteps are our thoughts, our words, our works:
Theſe carry us along; in theſe there lurks
Envy, luſt, avarice, ambition,
The crooked turnings to perdition.
One while we creep amongſt the thorny brakes
Of worldly profits; and the devil takes
Delight to ſee us pierce our ſelves with ſorrow
To day, by thinking what may be to morrow.
Another while we wade, and wallow in
Puddles of pleaſure; and we never lin
Daubing our ſelves, with dirty damn'd delights,
Till ſelf-begotten pain our pleaſure frights.

Some

Sometimes we scramble to get up the banks
Of icy honour; and we break our ranks
To step before our fellows: though, they say,
He soonest tyreth, that still leads the way.
Sometimes, when others justle and provoke us,
We stir that dust our selves, that serves to choak us;
And raise those tempests of contention, which
Blow us beside the way into the ditch.
Our minds should be our guids: but they are blind,
Our wills out-run our wits, or lag behind.
Our furious passions, like unbridled jades,
Hurry us headlong to th' infernal shades.
If God be not our guide, our guard, our friend,
Eternal death will be our journeys end.

## Engines.

MEn often find, when nature's at a stand,
And hath in vain try'd all her utmost strength,
That Art, her Ape, can reach her out an hand,
To pierce her powers with to a full length.
And may not grace have means enough in store,
Wherewith to do as much as that, and more?

She may: she hath engines of ev'ry kind,
To work what Art and Nature, when they view,
Stupendious miracles of wonder find,
And yet must needs acknowledge to be true;
So far transcending all their pow'r and might,
That they stand ev'n amazed at the sight.

Take but three instances; faith, hope, and love,
Souls help'd by the perspective glass of faith
Are able to perceive what is above
The reach of reason: yea, the scripture saith,
Ev'n him that is invisible behold,
And future things, as if they'd been of old.

Faith

Faith looks into the secret Cabinet
Of Gods eternal Counsels, and doth see
Such mysteries of glory there, as set
Believing hearts on longing, till they be
Transform'd to the same image, and appear
So altered, as if themselves were there.

Faith can raise earth to heaven, or draw down
Heaven to earth, make both extreams to meet
Felicity and misery, can crown
Reproach with honour, season sowre with sweet.
Nothing's impossible to faith: a man
May do all things, that he believes he can.

Hope founded upon faith can raise the heart
Above it self in expectation
Of what the soul desireth for its part:
Then, when its time of transmigration
Is delay'd longest, yet as patiently
To wait, as if 't were answer'd by and by.

When grief unweildy grows, hope can abate
The bulk to what proportion it will:
So that a large circumference of late
A little center shall not reach to fill.
Nor that, which gyant-like before did strout,
Be able with a pigmey's pace t' hold out.

Hope can disperse the thickest clouds of night,
That fear hath over-spread the soul withall,
And make the darkest shadows shine as bright,
As the Sun beams spread on a silver wall.
Sin-shaken souls Hope anchor-like holds steady,
When storms and tempests make them more than (giddy.

Love led by faith, and fed with hope, is able
To travel through the worlds wide wilderness;
And burdens seeming most intollerable,
Both to take up, and bear with chearfulness.

To

To do, or suffer, what appears in sight
Extreamly heavy, love will make most light.

Yea, what by men is done, or suffered,
Either for God, or else for one another,
Though in it self it be much blemished
With many imperfections, which smother,
And drown the worth, and weight of it, yet fall
What will, or can, love makes amends for all.

Love doth unite, and knit, both make, and keep
Things one together, which were otherwise,
Or would be both divers, and distant. Deep,
High, long and broad, or whatsoever size
Eternity is of, or happiness,
Love comprehends it all, hee't more, or less.

Give me this threefold cord of graces then,
Faith, hope, and love, let them possess mine heart,
And gladly I'll resign to other men
All I can claim by nature, or by art,
To mount a soul, and make it still stand stable,
These are alone Engines incomparable.

TO

## To my Reverend Friend, the Author of the *Synagogue.*

*SIR,*

I Lov'd you for your Synagogue, before
I knew your person; but now love you more;
Because I find
It is so true a picture of your mind:
Which tunes your sacred lyre
To that eternal quire;
Where holy *Herbert* sits
(O shame to prophane wits)
And sings his and your Anthems, to the praise
Of him that is the first and last of daies.

These holy Hymns had an Ethereal birth:
For they can raise sad souls above the earth
And fix them there
Free from the worlds anxieties and fear.
*Herbert* and you have pow'r
To do this: ev'ry hour
I read you kills a sin,
Or lets a vertue in
To fight against it; and the Holy Ghost
Supports my frailties, lest the day be lost.

This holy war, taught by your happy pen,
The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men
Neglect our arms;
W'are circumvested with a world of harms.
But I will watch, and ward,
And stand upon my guard,
And still consult with you,
And *Herbert*, and renew
My vows, and say, Well fare his, and your heart,
The Fountains of such sacred Wit and Art.

*Iz. Ws.*

# TO
# His Ingenious Friend, the Author of the *Synagogue*; Upon his Additional Church-Utensils.

*SIR,*

SO the cheap Touch-stone's bold
To question the more noble gold;
As I, at your command,
Put forth my blushing hand
To try these Raptures, sent to my poor Test;
But since your Question's, Are they like the rest?
I say they are the best:
That once conceiv'd, the other is confest.

But Sir, now they are here,
For to prevent a female jeer,
Thus much affirm I do,
They'r like the father too;
And you like him whose sublime paths you tread,
*Herbert!* to be like whom, who'd not be dead?
*Herbert?* whom when I read,
I stoop at stars that shine below my head.

*Herbert?*

*Herbert!* whose every strain
Twists holy Breast with happy Brain;
So that who strives to be
As elegant as he,
Must climb mount *Calv'ry* for *Parnassus* Hill,
And in his Saviours sides baptize his Quill;
A Jordan fit t'instill
A Saint-like stile, back't with an angels skill.

He was our *Solomon*,
And you are our Centurion;
Our Temple him we owe,
Our Synagogue to you:
Where if your Piety so much alow
That structure with these ornaments t' endow,
All good men will avow,
Your Syn'gogue, built before, is furnish't now.

*J. L.*

---

*SIR,*

*SIR,*

WHile I read your lines, methinks I ſpie
Churches, and Church-men, and the old Hie-
(rarchie,
What potent charms are theſe! You have the knack
To make men young again, and fetch time back.
I've loſt what was beſtow'd on *Judah's* Prince,
And am now where I was thrice five years ſince.
The mid-ſpace ſhrunk to nothing, Manners, Men,
And Times, and all look juſt as they did then.
Rubbiſh and ruins vaniſh't, every where
Order and comlineſs afreſh appear.
What cannot Poets do! They change with eaſe
The face of things, and lead us as they pleaſe.
Yet here's no fiction neither. We may ſee
The Poet, Prophet; his Verſe, Hiſtorie.

*Jan.* 1. 1654.

*A. S.*

FINIS.